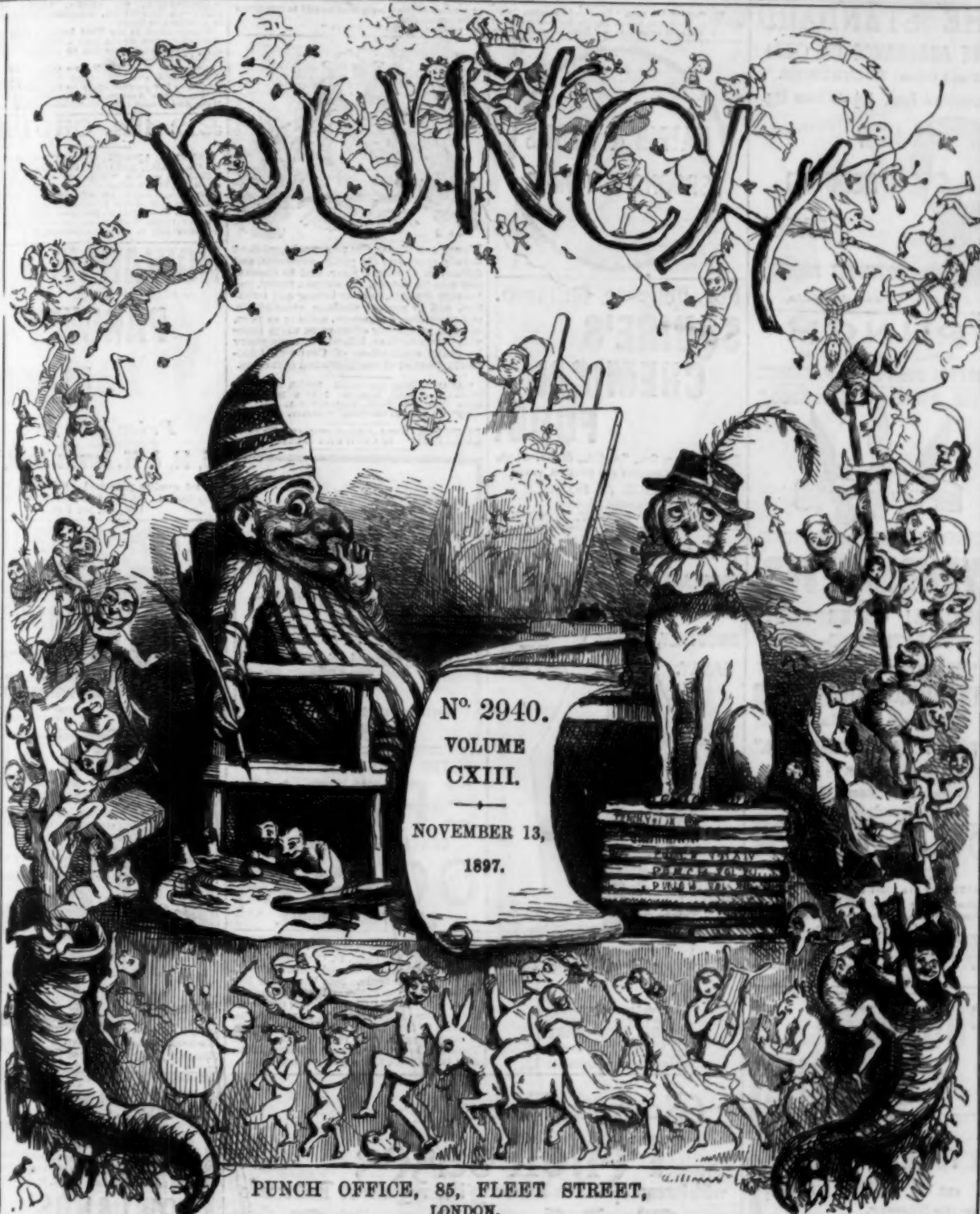


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"AWFULLY BAD SHOT, THAT CHAP. WHO IS HE?" "OH, THAT'S PINXIT, THE ARTIST. HE SHOULD HAVE A GOOD EYE."
 "MUST BE FOR PERSPECTIVE, THEN. SEEMS TO BE ALWAYS AIMING AT THE VANISHING POINT, DON'T YOU KNOW."

SAFE IN PORT.

(A London Bachelor playfully addresses certain Country Sirens.)

FLO, PHYLLIS, DORA, understand,
 Not yours for better or for worse,
 I cannot give you heart or hand,
 But only—all I have—a verse.
 For you has failure been decreed—
 I cannot say that I am sorry—
 And you have had bad sport indeed,
 A silly pack, a worthless quarry!
 You all were clever to extract—
 And it amused me, I confess—
 From common courteous word and act
 A compromising tenderness.
 "Sermons in stones" who finds, I've heard,
 Displays a certain penetration;
 But you—in every civil word,
 You found a lover's declaration!
 You simpered at a "how d'ye do?"
 You blushed in the absurdest way,
 As if I'd any thought of you,
 When I observed, "A charming day!"
 Your tennis party, FLO, was grand,
 Your mother almost asked me whether
 I'd spoken yet (she squeezed my hand)—
 Because—we'd played two sets together!
 I asked you, PHYLLIS, for a song—
 That made me yours at once, I found!
 I came in time to thus belong
 In turn to half the girls around!
 Safety in numbers, I'm advised;
 I let the game go on right gaily,



A Suggestion for the Ladies if their Cape Collars get much higher.

And managed to get "compromised"—
 But with a different Siren daily!

Now when the hour of tea occurs,
 No doubt I get my share of "dirt"—
 Consuming cakes and characters,
 Of course you whisper "Shocking flirt!"
 Ah, well! Abuse me, if you must,
 Because your little plans miscarry;
 You'll do no good—or harm, I trust—
 At least you will not make me marry!

THE NEW JUDGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who does not reveal his name, but whose address is significant, sends us the following:—

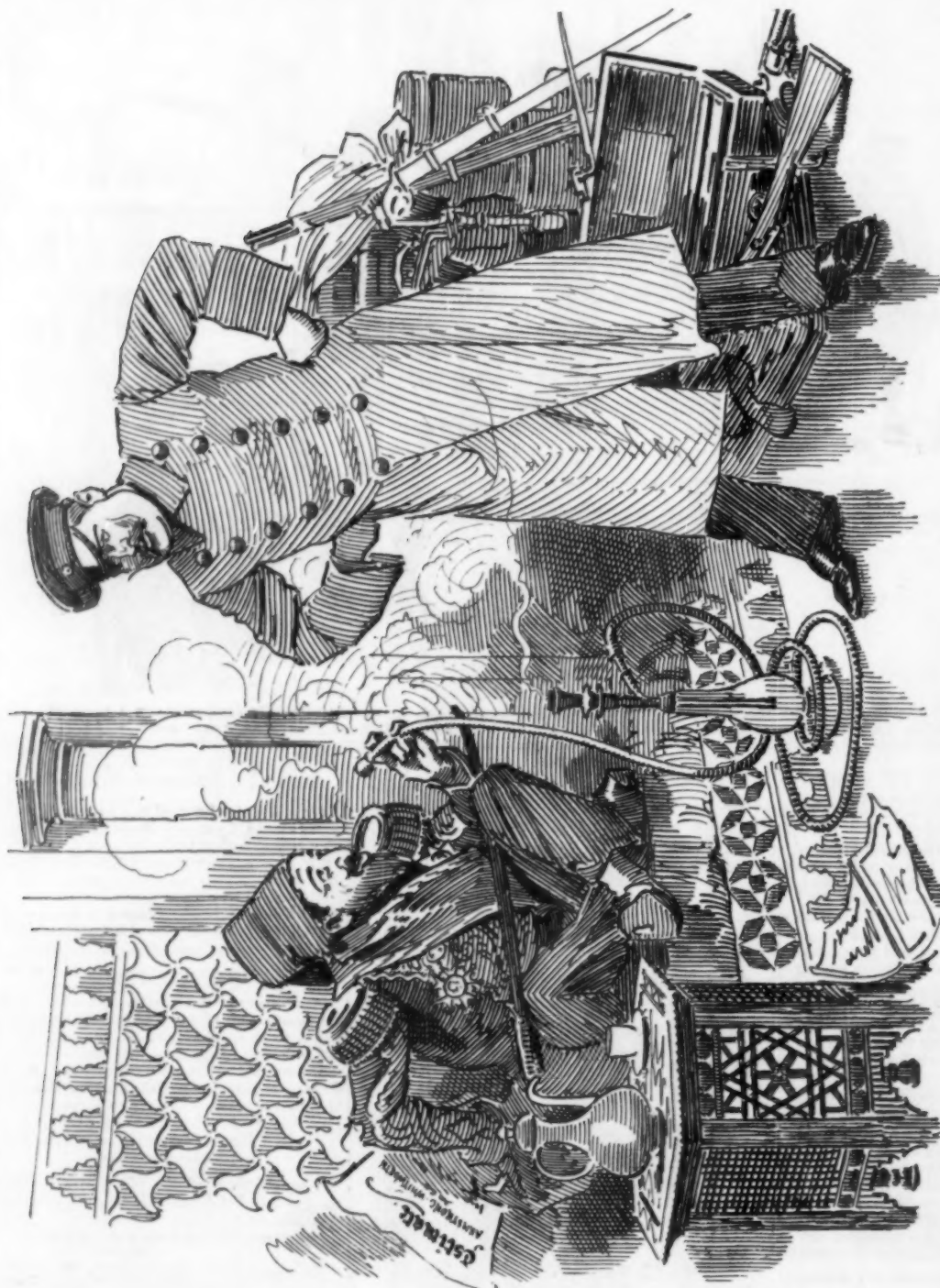
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just struck with a brilliant idea. If you want to get to France without going there, disagree with the new Judge. Then you'll be crossing the Channell! Yours, &c.,

Padded Room, Hanwell.

THE solution of the Eastern Question, to use Lord SALISBURY'S phrase, remains "within the domain of prophecy." Then by all means let us secure the profit.

SUGGESTED AS A SEASONABLE RACE FOR LICENSED VICTUALLERS.—A Pint-to-Pint Steeplechase.

SUITABLE NAME FOR THE NEW BULUWAYO RAILWAY.—The Colossus of RHODES.



Henry Vernon. *London News*.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

Imperial "Traveller" (to H. I. M. the Sultan). "I'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO YOU, AND IF YOU SHOULD BE WANTING ANYTHING IN THE CANNON OR RIFLE WAY, YOU REALLY *MUST* GIVE US THE ORDER."

[SIR ANDREW NOBLE WAS IN CONSTANTINOPLE WITH THE OBJECT OF GETTING FOR ARMSTRONG'S FIRM THE ORDER FOR THE RE-ARMAMENT OF TURKEY, BUT THE PROSPECT OF HIS SUCCEEDING IS SMALL, AS THE ORDER WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY GO TO GERMAN FIRMS. — *Daily Papers*.]

THE CRY OF THE CORONER.

["The London coroners . . . have organised themselves into an 'Association.' . . . They have just addressed a circular to the County Council complaining that they are underpaid. . . . It is all very sad; especially as we notice by the latest volume of the Council's statistics that the Chairman of the 'Association' appears to be only receiving £2,244 per annum."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

You may talk of the briefless that battens
On a crust at the close of the day,
Of the curate whose family fattens
On a second-rate scavenger's pay;
You may post your fraternal remittance
To the hungry locked-out engineer—
What of us, with our pitiful pittance
Of a couple of thousand a year?

And the work! Why, the work's never
finished!

You may think it is over, but tush!
If the accidents should be diminished
The suicides come with a rush.
And the babies! We seem to be at 'em
The whole of our weary career,
And they don't add a half-penny, drat 'em!
To our couple of thousand a year.

Then, when there are any explosions,
We have to establish our courts,
And the Government vex our emotions
By calling for lengthy reports.
Oh! the sorrows that wear out the soul of
The coroner! Isn't it clear
That it's simply a scandal, this dole of
A couple of thousand a year?

ELECTORAL JOYS.

Just been invited to sit—I mean stand—for Grimyville, great working-class constituency. Must declare for eight-hours day, toady the Union, and generally pose as friend of horny-handed son of toil. Call on Mr. JOHN BIGWORDS, Secretary of Amalgamated Union of Nailwhackers and Confederated Trades Association, the great Labour Leader, and ask his advice re my electoral campaign. Discover him smoking choice Cabana and drinking HERDSBICK'S Dry Monopole. After declining drink, I explain my mission. L. L. smiles in superior manner, and says,

"Wot you want to do, guv'nor, at the workin' man's meetin' to-night, is to pitch 'em the tale. Wot's that? Oh! just a bit of the usual. 'Ere's a few things to say. Tike 'em dahn on yer notes. Fust of all, tell 'em they're not men at all, but slaves, crushed under the iron 'eel o' the oppressor. Wot? You say as they're gettin' good wages? Well, o' course they are. Wot's that got to do with it? Then tork abaht the bloated haristocracy, and say w'y should the pore man work, an' give the sweat of 'is brah to keep the oppressor in leisured hopulence? Don't forgit that word, hopulence: it 'its 'em, I tell yer, strite. You says they won't understand wot it means? That don't make no difference; it sahnds well, and that's orl you got ter think abaht. After you done this, speak contemptuous abaht the soldier officers as gilded popinjays. Wot does that mean? Oh, I dunno! You're too pertickler, guv'nor, you are. You try an' work 'em up for a strike, that's your gime. 'Ow do yer work a strike? Oh, easy! Jest go an' say, 'W'y should they be dahn-trodden, w'y ain't they as good as the marsters, an' w'y should the Capitalist suck their bertud?' and the job's as good as done. Don't you fear! It's the easiest



The Rev. Mr. Henpeck (examining boys in Natural History). "Now, SAMMY SMITH, WHAT IS THE MASCULINE OF VIXEN?" Sammy Smith (promptly). "VICAR, SIR."

thing in the world for to make men believe they're hinjured hinnocents."

I venture to ask Mr. Bigwords, "Why get up strike if not necessary?"

"Not necessary, be blowed! Wot 'ud become o' me and my bloomin' pals, an' our selleries, an' cigars, and shampain, if we didn't 'ave no strikes! Garn an' stuff yerself!"

Decline to garn and stuff myself, but take down in note-book all I have been told, and, like *Oliver*, "ask for more." Mr. B. waxes confidential.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor, you tork abaht eight hours! Wot I says is, w'y should the workin' man work for even eight hours? Bust it! I arks you, w'y should the workin' man work at all?"

Feel so overpowered by this stupendous proposition that I depart in silence.

Have addressed my first meeting, and returned whole. Did very well until I came to the "gilded popinjays," when

audience arose as one man, and, amidst shouts of "What about the Gordons?" made for platform. I made for home, and did best on record to hotel. Splendid hall for political speeches; such excellent private way from platform over roofs of several houses into side street. Shall avoid subject of gilded popinjays during rest of electoral campaign.

A PROUD day for Eastbourne, which now has the Duke of DEVONSHIRE for Mayor. Yet does it not suggest that the town will be submerged? Is it not "Eastbourne-sous-mer?"

Before the School Board Election.

Blaske (to *JOSKER*). Wot I wants yer to do on the polling day is to tell me where to make my mark on the beleivated hedi-cation ticket.

LATEST NEWS FROM KLONDIKE.—The output of cold has been unprecedented.



Miss Candid. "Oh, Mr. De Tiring, I was at Home yesterday when you called; but you are such an awful Bore, you know, I was compelled to send you away."



Learned Judge. "Before adjourning the Court to-day, I wish to state that I have been guilty of Betting, at a 'Place' within the meaning of the Act. I therefore fine myself a sum of Twenty Pounds and costs, coupled with a severe reprimand."

[*"A POLICEMAN'S CONSCIENCE.*—Police-superintendent ROBERTS, of Torquay, has won a splendid reputation for impartiality. He even punishes himself for breaches of the law. The other night while cycling home from Brixham his lamp went out, and yesterday he appeared before the magistrate, in response to a summons issued by himself against himself. He said a clergyman spoke to him on the subject, and this brought the offence to his notice. He was fined 5s."—*Daily Telegraph.*]



Of course, the "Automatic Conscience Clearer" for minor offences would soon be immensely popular. We beg to offer the above suggestion. N.B.—The Inventor has been provisionally protected.



Master Bob. "Please, Ma, will you kindly chastise me? I've been at the Jam again!"



Cabby (at police-station). "Ere, I've just charged a fare Sixpence too much, and I want a summons out against meself."

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. II.—TO THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

RESPECTED JOSEPH,—Pray note the humility with which I open upon you. To a person of your disposition it may seem presumptuous that one who is not even *notus tibi nomine* should venture to address you. Blood-curdling stories are told of the all but feminine anger with which it is your custom to visit the most trivial offence to your dignity or to the esteem in which you hold yourself. "That sort of thing," you have been heard to say, "I never forgive and never forget." Has not your face grown pale with suppressed fury while some unrepentant Radical, Mr. ASQUITH, let us say, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or Mr. JOHN MORLEY, reminded you and his other hearers that once you too were even as other Radicals, that you taunted the aristocratic non-toilers and non-spinners amongst whom you now delight to dwell, and propounded to an astonished world a doctrine of ransom which, though you never explained it even to yourself, earned for you the name and reputation of JACK CADE? And how your lips must have tightened when minor Tories, whose tongues one might have thought would be privileged by contact with your boots, presumed to write patronising letters about you in the *Times*, pointing out that you were not quite so bad as you were made out, and that, after all, you did make yourself reasonably useful to the Tories in spite of your occasional endeavours to claim too much for yourself and your little knot of hangers-on! All these things are dreadful. And then there is Lord LONDONDERRY. He does not mention your name, but he trounces the Government, of which we know you are the spokes-

man (ominous word, not unconnected with the stoppage of wheels!), and with an almost terrifying audacity he abuses "My Policy" and "My Social Programme." Where is Lord LONDONDERRY to languish? In what remote and gloomy dungeon is this rash owner of collieries to drag out the remaining years of his miserable life? Has Mr. JESSE COLLINGS yet selected for him the special varieties of bread and water on which he is to support existence? And that reminds me. Most of us have the JESSE COLLINGS we deserve. But no other JESSE COLLINGS that I have met ever displayed a faith so sincere, or a devotion so touching as that which your bland and imperturbable adorer lavishes upon you. Why should we vex our minds with musty memories of DAMON and PYTHIAS, or HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON? To me, I declare, the JOSEPH and JESSE of the present day are worth more in their happy alliteration than all the inferior twin-friends of past ages.

So there are compensations—of a sort. And on the whole you have had a fairly successful year, not sufficiently brilliant, of course, to warrant you in imitating POLYCRATES by casting some treasured object—JESSE, it may be—into the sea, but quite reasonably successful for all that. Not for nothing did the Colonial Premiers visit our jubilating shores. Careless observers might suppose that they were here to do honour to the QUEEN, to prove by their presence the vastness and the freedom of her Empire. I (and you) knew better. It was to swell your triumph, my dear JOSEPH, that they turned their course to England, and it may be added that they and the world at large were not allowed to forget the object of their visit. Did the intoxication (I speak in metaphor) of all those dinners and speeches, and of the art-

fully-devised eulogies that these unsuspecting Statesmen lavished upon you cause you to forget for a moment that rugged old Boer President who, whatever else may be said against him, proved himself more than a match for the dapper cocksure chief of our Colonial Office? Was there not a brand-new patent scheme of Home Rule for the Rand which burst upon a puzzled public after the Jameson Raid? Where is it now? And that polite but prematurely-published invitation to Mr. KRUGER, what has become of it, and when, oh, when, is it to be accepted? And there are still rude and prying ruffians who want to know about a batch of telegrams, and go about declaring that you are far too clever and cunning to have been so ignorant and so innocent as you wish to be believed. Of your declaration as to what a public man may do, and yet maintain his honour unscathed, the less said the better. Not often has the House of Commons listened to so amazing a discourse on the ethical value of deceit, intrigue and evasion.

Well, well, there are flies in every politician's pot of ointment, and it is fair to remember that, owing chiefly to your own care, the pot you possess is not a small one, and your ointment is of the very best. But be warned, my dear JOSEPH, be warned. It is not much, of course, to have an attractive and amiable personality. Many men have that who will never make a stir in the world. And to be modest or courteous will not secure immortal fame. But a trace here and there of amiability, of modesty, of courtesy to opponents, might possibly be useful. After all, you did not invent the British Empire, and some of us had heard of the Colonies before you became their Secretary of State.

Commend me to Mr. COLLINGS, and believe me to be
Yours respectfully, THE VAGRANT.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

IN reviewing a recently-published collection of "Nursery Rhymes," a daily paper remarks that "such productions as these must surely have had their day," and points out that modern children cannot be expected to find pleasure in such "barbarous jingles." While recognising the force of this criticism, Mr. Punch feels that it would be a pity if these old stories were entirely forgotten, and he therefore recommends their re-publication in a style more in accord with the literary tastes of the day. The following tale may serve as an example of what the nursery-story should be when re-written for youthful decadents. It is entitled:

NOCTURNE IN BLACK-AND-BLUE.

The subtle colour-harmony was fading from the Western sky, and JACK awoke from his reverie, the material prose of this squalid world resurging strongly in his inmost soul. "Pah," he exclaimed to his fair companion. "How vain is all our life! A few golden hours have we snatched, my JILL; all this afternoon have we been dead to the world—dead to ourselves—free from the thrall of the insistent present. Forgetting to analyse this complex transcendent *Ego* that lures us to despair, we have enjoyed a sensuous, pagan, objective interlude. In fact, we have made dear, delightful mud-pies. And, as a consequence, my hands are not clean, and you, my JILL, have a large lump of mud on your nose. Let us"—he shivered slightly—"return to the house, to the sordid environment of the Philistines, and let us wash."

JILL clasped her hands, and her voice trembled with passion as she replied, "Oh, not in the house, JACK, not in the house! Its atmosphere chokes me—stifles me. Let us rather ascend to the hill-top, the hill-top sweet with the fresh fragrance of the breeze, and let us thence bring down the necessary pail of water!"

JACK's eyes were moist with tears.

"JILL, forgive me. You are right—you are always right. Yes we will climb together—always together. See, I will hold you tightly by the scruff of your neck—thus—and run you up in no time. Nay, do not kick my shin. To the hill-top, where, perchance, we shall find Mr. GRANT ALLEN and his company of heroines—to the hill-top, where the pure fountain of translucent water bubbles forth. Are you ready? Go!"

And with a loud scream JACK pushed the struggling JILL towards the slope, where they vanished in the twilight. Ever thus should it be, man and woman, boy and girl, climbing the hill of Fate together!

Two shrieks ring through the startled air.

"Hold tight, you silly fool!"

"JACK, I'm falling! I'm falling!"

A crash; two sickening bumps on the hard ground, and silence.

JACK lay in bed. His injuries were terrible, and we will now,



A TEST CASE.

Hairdresser. "AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MADAM?"
Sable Beauty. "I WANT MY HAIR WAVED FASHIONABLY, IF YOU PLEASE!"

in accordance with the spirit of true realism, describe each of his wounds in detail . . . (It seems well to omit a lengthy paragraph here.) Around his head was paper, paper sombre, darkly-brown in hue. The air was redolent of some mystic, subtle fragrance, unspeakably searching and strange—the smell, in fact, of vinegar.

"My world is dark!" sobbed the poor sufferer. "For one brief moment I saw stars, gracious, golden, gleaming stars, and then the same eternal greyness! We have failed, JILL and I, we have failed."

"Nay," cried the dauntless JILL, whose bandaged face reposed upon the pillow of the adjoining cot, "say not so, my JACK. Hereafter once again shall we seek the hill, once again shall we climb its terrifying height—and then—and then—"

Her voice faltered. Some soot fell down the chimney. The clock on the mantelpiece struck. It was midnight.

An Egyptian Difficulty.

Anxious Inquirer (to flippant friend). I say, what is the Sirdar in Egypt?

Flippant Friend. My dear fellow, I never heard an ab-sirdar question. (Exit.)

QUERIES AND NOTES.—What would be an excellent name for a Derby winner to be bestowed on him after he has won? As to names, of course he had one before he won; but afterwards, why not change it to *Asbestos*, since of all the starters he will have genuinely come out as best 'oss?

CORRECT MOTTO FOR THE EASY SHAVER.—Nothing like lather!



The Rector's Wife. "JUST SEE HOW SHAMEFULLY THAT MISS DASHWOOD IS FLIRTING OVER THERE WITH THAT INDIAN GENTLEMAN!"
The Major. "AH! SHE EVIDENTLY BELIEVES IN THE 'FORWARD POLICY'!"

DARBY JONES ON THE LIVERPOOL CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—Full of honours as a Field-Marshal at the conclusion of Successful Warfare, I nevertheless rouse myself from the Apathy which invariably besets a Turf Sybarite, who has provided himself with some eider-down quilts and cases of tawny port for the Winter. I think, Sir, that you, with that acumen for which you are renowned from the North Pole to Tasmania, and even further, will acknowledge that in presenting *St. Cloud* to your notice and that of your readers for that classic event the Cambridgeshire Handicap, I did not err far from the spot, which is not barred on the turf. We must not, however, depreciate Sir WILLIAM INGRAM's victory, the news of which illustrated his confidence in his trainer.

But now, honoured Sir, let us to the future, not the past. Poor as I am in poesy, faulty as I am in rhyme, I nevertheless again venture to bound on the mount Parnassus, carrying, as I fully believe, the name of the hero of the Autumn Event associated with the whilom haunt of that apparently extinct waterfowl, the picturesque Liver. Indeed, anyone sending me a Live Liver will be amply rewarded. (This in parenthesis while the Muse is getting up steam.) Here goes, after a peaceful and bardlike slumber:—

For me one, two, three,
 Is the *Man of the Sea*,
 But beware of the *Fowl of the Stream*.
 And the *Green of the Sward*
 In the judge's award
 Has run close with the *Duke's* in my dream.
 On the *Maid who can laugh*
 Have an eye for a place,
 But through folly and chaff
 'Tis the *Jerseyman's* race!

Such, honoured Sir, is my unbiassed opinion, strengthened by what Little Acumen I have derived from sharpening my brains on the Noddles of more respectable citizens. Trusting that you are profiting by my Insight into the Ways of Owners, Horses, and, may I add, Jockeys plus Trainers, I beg to remain,
 Always, honoured Sir,
 Your devoted running footman and
 peripatetic prophet, DARBY JONES.

RESTFUL.—"The Benin City of to-day," wrote the *Times* correspondent, "is now a city of Peace." It might be the Benign City. We've Be(e)n-in and we're not coming out again.

"TRUE TIME."—PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE has been issuing circulars inquiring as to the exact time of day everywhere. What a sharp chap the Professor will become! Wherever he goes he'll "know what o'clock it is!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

[Judge VAN WYCK, the newly-elected Mayor of New York, "has no history. The most notable incident in his career is his success at a feeding competition."—*Daily Chronicle*, Nov. 3, 1897.]

CONGRATULATIONS to New York!
 She has achieved her proud ambition—
 A Mayor who plies stout knife and fork,
 Who's won a feeding competition!

Now let her pile for him the feast,
 Course after course, in her elation!
 She won't, in this respect, at least,
 Excel our ancient Corporation.

Our Lord Mayor's guests are all agreed
 That holders of that proud position
 Know just as well the way to "feed"—
 Albeit "not for competition!"

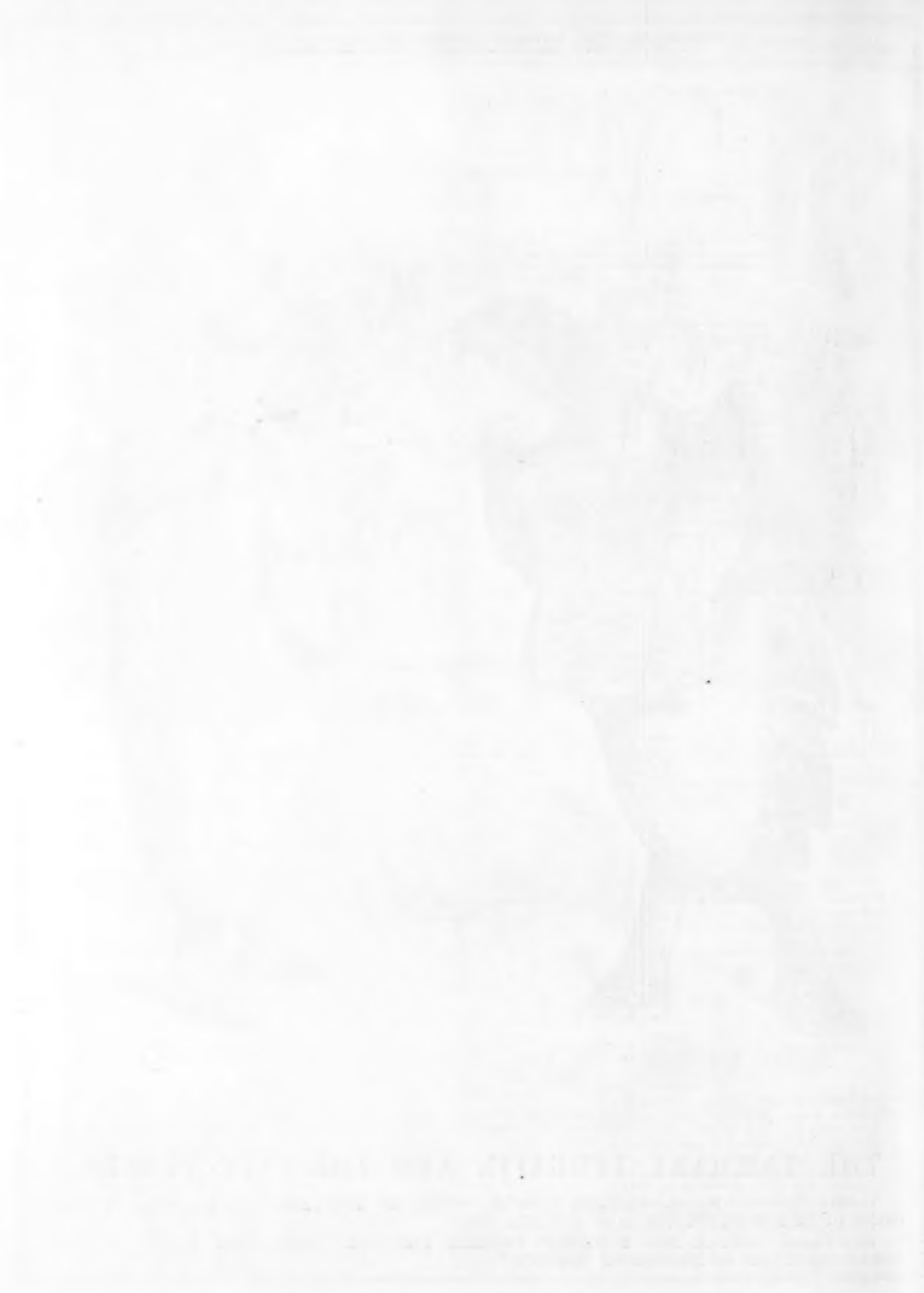
CHANGE OF NAME.—MR. DAVID P. SELLAR (whose name a snuffing person might pronounce Mr. Pea-Sheller, but very far from being a green pea-sheller), who has offered to give two hundred pictures, his "Old Dutch," Italian and English, to the nation, should the President of the R. A. and council approve, will be remembered as Mr. D. P. "DONOR," not "SELLAR." Surely, if the pictures be genuine, they are better removed from a "cellar," and placed in the best light possible.



THE TAMMANY TERRAPIN AND THE CITY TURTLE.

TAMMANY TURTLE. "WA-AL, BROTHER TURTLE, WE'RE IN TOGETHER. WE'LL MAKE A GOOD THING OF IT FOR OURSELVES—AND FRIENDS. EH?"

CITY TURTLE. "SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BROTHER TERRAPIN. OVER HERE WE'VE AN OLD-WORLD PREJUDICE IN FAVOUR OF HONESTY."





ON THE WAY TO COVERT.

Perks (immensely pleased with his new Mount). "PICKED HIM UP BY AUCTION FOR A MERE SOG. SAID TO BE WONDERFUL JUMPER—IN FACT, NOTHING STOPS HIM!"

(Unhappy Thought.) NOT EVEN BRIDLE!

TOBY, M.P.'S PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.
II.

Black Rod.—This is a high functionary of the other House. From time to time he visits the Commons, bearer of a message summoning the hon. House to hear the Royal Assent given to certain Bills. Usage requires that Black Rod should walk slowly up to the Table, his eyes fixed on the Speaker with cataleptic stare. Thrice he bows, and pulling short up at the Table, delivers his message—if he can remember it. This done, he retires backwards, bowing as before. For a Member of ready wit, here is an opening for sport. If he can quietly approach Black Rod whilst he stands at the Table, and furtively thrust a pin into his black silk-stockinged calf, Black Rod's consequent movements lead to some merriment.

This device, once popular, fell into disrepute in the case of a functionary now no more. He was noted for the shapeliness of his legs, the calves perhaps erring a little in the direction of fulness of curve. One

day, a frolicsome Member, getting into position, used a pin with skill and force. Black Rod took no notice; went on with his message as if nothing was the matter. Which seemed uncanny.

A more popular proceeding in later Par-



"The Speaker takes the Chair."

liaments has been for a Member, timing the return journey (backwards as aforesaid) of Black Rod, to lie prone in his pathway. That never fails to bring down the House as well as Black Rod. The new Member, anxious to make his mark, should take the earliest opportunity of achieving this feat.

The Speaker takes the Chair.—This phrase, familiar through the Session, flashes an interesting light on ancient Parliamentary customs. In the childhood of the Mother of Parliaments, the Chair was (so to speak) the Speaker's perquisite. At the close of each Session, the right hon. gentleman, lifting the Chair on his head, walked out of the House, and so home,

literally "taking the Chair." Other times, other manners. Mr. ANNOT, afterwards Lord COLCHESTER, the Speaker in office when first PITT, then FOX, died, was, the Member for SARK tells me, the last personal appropriator of the Chair.

The difficulty about vested rights and all that is got over by the device of a counter-proposition. When, before the new custom was firmly established, disposition was shown by the Speaker to hoist the Chair and walk off with it, a resolution was promptly submitted that "the Speaker do now leave the Chair." The occasion for this formula does not now exist. The history of its inception is probably forgotten. But it is in use to this day.

Moving the Speaker out of the Chair.—This is a very pretty performance. When well played on both sides, it is even hilarious. The occasion arises when the Speaker, either from a sense of public duty or from pure cussedness (the word is here used in its Parliamentary sense), declines



"Moving the Speaker out of the Chair."



"Black Rod."



THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO CEREMONIALS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(Most Unceremoniously Illustrated.)

to go home and let others go. Then you shall see Members, quietly gathering from both sides, suddenly, at a signal, swarm down upon the Chair, and elbow the Speaker out.

Or what beverage does the melancholy cry of a dog with a regulation strap over his nose remind you? The Mûselwein [Muzzle-whine].

Light Reading.

Problem.—If you had a lamp weighing twenty pounds, why would it be a very great convenience and a saving of considerable trouble to keep it invariably quite close to another lamp weighing fifteen pounds?

Solution.—Because the lamp weighing twenty pounds would then always be next to a lamp-lighter.

G-G'S WHO ALWAYS WIN ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER COURSE.—The Glorious Gordon Highlanders and the Gallant little Goorkhas. Mr. Punch doffs his hat to these noble soldiers of the QUEEN-EMPEROR, and hopes they will always be in the front tier when a military drama is being played in Hindostan.

SYNONYM FOR A WAITER.—"A Plate-layer."

COMIN' THRO' THE ROMANY RYE.

[The *Daily Chronicle*, reviewing Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's poem, *The Coming of Love*, remarks: "The Romany idiom possesses an immense advantage over our poor, every-day English, in offering at least two new rhymes for 'love,'—'tuv' (smoke) and 'puv' (a field). These are priceless additions to the meagre Saxon stock—'dove,' 'glove,' 'above,' and the impossible 'shove.'" The reviewer does scant justice to Mr. WATTS-DUNTON's liberal ear, which allows him, in this volume, to employ "cove," "move," "grove," "approve," and "rove," to rhyme with this same sound of "love."]

It is the massive gipsy-maid!
I think I recognise my Luv;
Hither she walks; I see her wade
Across the sodden turnip-puv;
O Luv, my Luv!

The lark is tootling in the sky,
Coos in his cot the wedded duv;
Then wherefore should not you and I
Gambol like rabbits in the gruv?
O Luv, my Luv!

Come, let us fly the wicked world,
And all the simpler pleasures pruv,
For life's a vapour thinly curled,
And human glory ends in tuv,†
O Luv, my Luv!

By stilly ponds and stagnant meres
In solemn silence we will muv,
Or whisper down each other's ears
The trifles we are thinking uv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or let us from the ocean's marge
Out in an open wherry shuv,
And when the moon is fairly large
Perambulate a sandy cuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Or, where the sheathed filbert shoots,
Your dusky hands that scorn a gluv
Shall pluck and pass me fairer fruits
Than tooth of ADAM ever cluv,
O Luv, my Luv!

And if, in case of cold or rain,
We cannot comfortably ruv,
We'll twine our noses on the pane,
Or stew beside the peety stuv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Such dreams, so roseate and warm
My free, erotic fancy wuv,
When first your fine and ample form
Upon my swooning vision huv,
O Luv, my Luv!

You're not, I grant you, free from fault;
Your grammar one might well impruv;
Your brow is tanned a rich cobalt;
But still you are a treasure-truv!
O Luv, my Luv!

And with a creature like my Own,
As tentatively sketched abuv,
Oft have I heard (though never known)
Of poets who serenely thruv,
O Luv, my Luv!

Then let us fly the wicked world,
And take our chance alone with luv;
For life's a vapour thinly curled,
And all ambitions end in tuv,†
Mere tuv,† my Luv!

• Field. † Smoke.

IN THE MATTER OF A POINTLESS ANECDOTE.

ON the appointment of one of our latest judges, an amusing anecdote was told, illustrating the occasionally strained relations existing between Bench and Bar. The Q. C. one day, finding his Lordship had not arrived punctually to time, employed



Winny (one mile an hour) to Annie (two miles an hour). "SCORCHER!"

the pause in attending to some other business in an adjacent Court. On his return to the original Court, he was greeted with the announcement from the Bench that he had kept his Lordship waiting for five minutes. "Indeed," retorted the Q. C., wittily. "Why, you kept me waiting five and twenty!"

The success of this pointed repartee has encouraged, we believe, a well-known firm of publishers to issue a volume of *Professional Anecdotes*, containing gems of equal purity. We give a few stories that may serve as specimens.

A Field-Marshal, dining at the mess of a line battalion, asked the Colonel to hurry the waiters up, as he wanted to catch a train. The proceedings, however, were of the usual leisurely character, and the officer was thwarted in his endeavour. "You might have made them smarter, Colonel," said the guest. "Utterly impossible," returned the host. "You see, we had not finished our dinner."

An Archbishop, who had to preach at a

country church, was much annoyed by the arrival of the curate (who had to read the prayers) ten minutes late. "I really think you might have kept to time," said the Archbishop. "Very sorry, your Grace," returned the other, "but it was so hot!"

At a consultation of eminent specialists, some delay was caused by the tardy arrival of a country practitioner who had to meet them. "I suppose your train was late," suggested the Senior Medical Baronet. "No," replied the provincial surgeon, "I was only lazy!"

The Court of Appeal, upon calling upon an eminent Q. C. to address them, found that he was *non est*. The fact had scarcely been ascertained before the silk entered. "We have been waiting for you for the last forty minutes," said the Master of the Rolls. "Indeed," exclaimed the Q. C. "Dear me, while you were sitting here, I was putting on my wig!"

It will be seen from the above specimens that the work—when published—will be deeply interesting.



A PAINFUL INSINUATION.

Butcher. "FOREIGN MEAT, MADAM! I'M SURE YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ME CAPABLE OF SERVING MY CUSTOMERS WITH ANYTHING BUT THE BEST 'OME MEAT!"

Young Housekeeper. "OH, I DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU *KNEW* IT WAS FOREIGN, BUT I DO THINK THEY HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF YOU AT THE MARKET!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PLEASANTLY chatty, interesting, and amusing, are Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY's two volumes, entitled, *The Romance of the Irish Stage*. Mr. MOLLOY reminds us of many old stories, and as good old friends, they are most welcome, especially as he appropriately fits them up with well-known names, and cleverly localises them. But of all reminiscences, those concerning PEG WOFFINGTON (whose biographer some little time ago was Mr. MOLLOY) are the most interesting, though occupying but a small space in the two volumes. Hard drinking, ready fighting, horse-play, reckless gambling, and a general happy-go-luckiness were the characteristics of tip-top Irish Society a hundred and fifty years ago. But what wonderful salaries in those days did not the light and leading comedians receive!! Three guineas a week was apparently a tip-top price for a star of the first magnitude, who relied on his benefit to give him such a handsome sum as might be represented by one hundred and fifty pounds clear! It is published by Messrs. DOWNEY & CO., and there is a good photographic reproduction of ROMNEY'S Mrs. JORDAN and SIR JOSHUA'S Mrs. ABINGTON.

Another batch of books, redolent of the festive season, lie waiting inspection. The newest and neatest volume is one of the "Dumpy Series," a delightful collection of short stories by E. V. LUCAS (GRANT RICHARDS), beginning with *The Flamp*. Now, *The Flamp* requires explanation. He is a somewhat strange animal belonging to "the brillig and slithy goves" of nursery literature with a morbid desire for sympathy. His

claims are original, yet they suggest some distinct relationship to the Mock Turtle. Still, he is amusing in his quaintness.

Song Flowers, from a *Child's Garden of Verses* (GARDNER & CO.), by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. An exquisite little nose-gay. The melody of the music by KATHARINE M. RAMSAY suits their freshness, and the drawings by GORDON BROWNE reveal the story of each song. S. R. CROCKETT deemed them worthy a touching introduction. A charming gift this book will make.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH, in *Hoodie* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS), tells of a little girl who, "when she was good was very, very good, and when she was naughty was 'orrid'; and the fascinating culture of horridness, which appeals to most infantile brains, predominated in this child of the nursery. The pathos of a gentle illness, with its accompaniment of nasty physis, restored her moral equilibrium.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

DR. LECHER'S SPEECH.

[The other day, Dr. LECHER spoke in the Austrian Reichsrath for 12 hours.]

O WILHELM, by no means the Silent, look out,
Here's somebody far more loquacious than you!
A speech of twelve hours, a record, no doubt,
Is more than your Majesty even could do.

Unhappily, LECHER, though German in race,
Lives not where the *regis voluntas* is law,
Or else his *l'es-majesté* soon would efface
A traitor who rivalled his sovereign's "jaw."

Vienna is ruled in a different way,
And dignified silence the KAISER might teach
To you, and to others with plenty to say;
The Deputies there are the experts in speech.

But do not be downcast, though LECHER must be
The mightiest speaker this planet has heard,
With suitable training you're better than he,
And able to have—fitting phrase—the last word.

Just visit, *incognito*, London some day,
And practise with all the professors of jaw;
We also have people with too much to say,
Connected with politics, mostly, or law.

Talk with them incessantly, morning and night,
Talk sense or talk nonsense, talk slowly or fast;
Such excellent training will make you all right,
Your jaw will be stronger than LECHER's at last.

Then challenge your rival to combat of tongues,
For twenty-four hours hold forth, might and main;
You'll beat him in spite of his powerful lungs,
And you'll be the Champion Speaker again.

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[Suggested by the Advertisements in a Religious Periodical.]

SCENE—A Parlour. PRESENT—Three Enterprising Females.

First Enterprising Female. What a capital idea it was to advertise in a clerical paper for "two young ladies to try being cook and house-parlour-maid for £14 and £12 a year."

Second E. F. Yes; and to explain that "daughters of clergymen would be preferred." Shall we see how they are getting on?

Third E. F. Why not. We must keep them up to their work. More especially as we promised them "a quiet place." The labour ought to keep them silent, if nothing else does.

Mary (entering on a bell summons). Yes, ladies?

First E. F. Have you cleaned the kitchen chimney?

Mary. Yes, madam; and as I was about it, did the others, too.

Second E. F. Quite right. And you (turning to JANE, who has entered), did you sweep down the stairs, wash the steps, do the rooms and mend the linen?

Jane. Yes, madam; and as I thought you might like to see them clean, washed all the windows.

First E. F. And of course you have done all the ordinary house work.

Mary and Jane (together). Yes, madam.

First E. F. Do you want to know anything further?

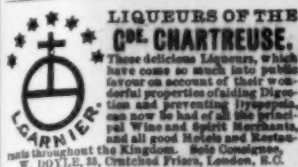
Mary. Well, madam, you say we are playing a game. How is it going?

Second E. F. Very well indeed. You see, we are getting servants of gentle birth—who shrink from complaining—to do double the ordinary work for half the customary wages.

Mary and Jane (together). And what does that count?

Three E. F. (together). Why, one to us, to be sure!

[Scene closes in upon the discovery.]



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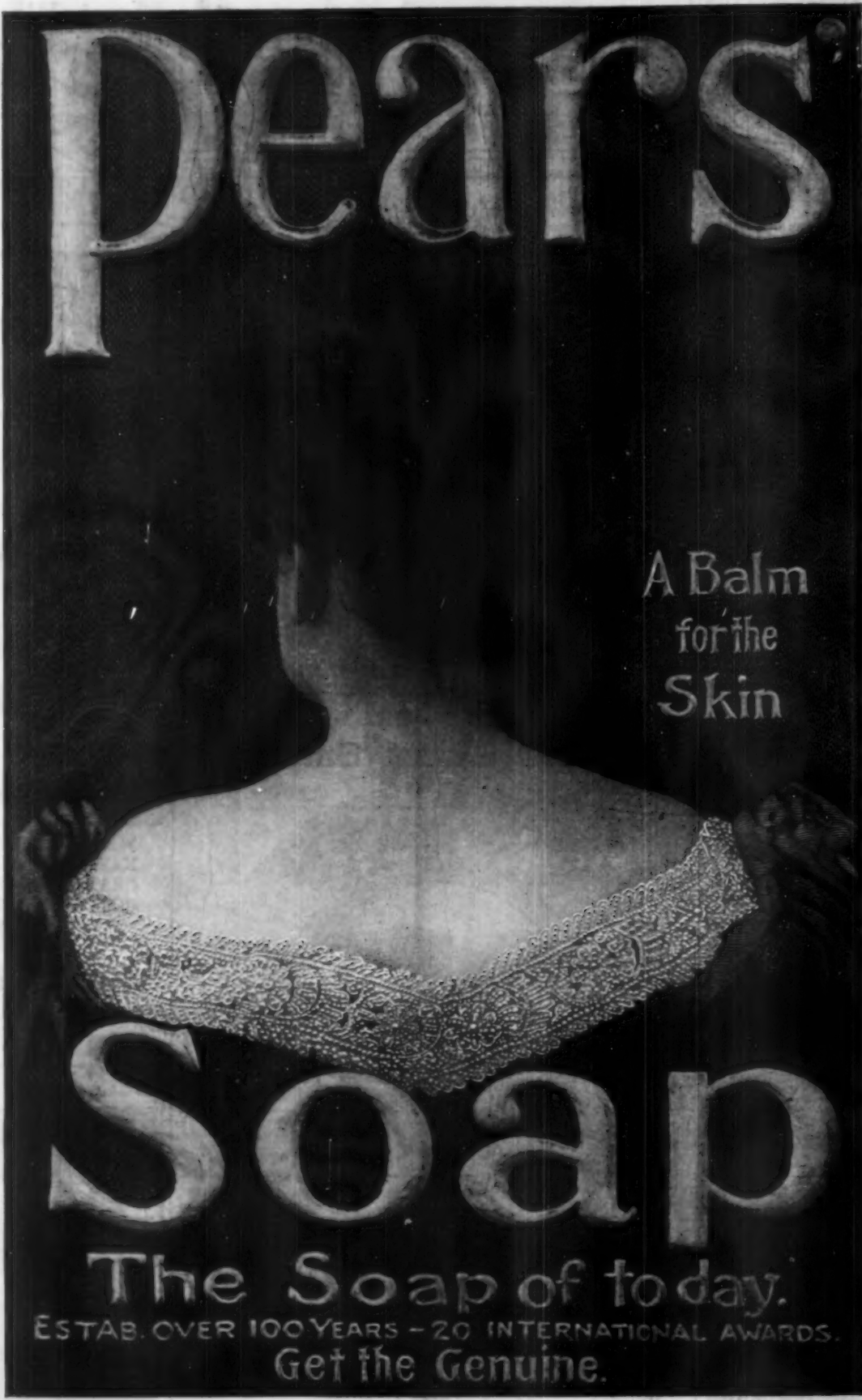
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